NEW VOLUME OF POEMS BY A KAN-SAS WOMAN.

Collected Works of Mrs. Elva Irene McMillan, of Lyons-Something of the Life of This New Western Poet.

Renders of The Journal will remember the verses written by Mrs. McMillan, of Lyons, Kas., that have from time to time appeared in the Sunday issue. These, together with the other poetical works of Mrs. McMillan, have been collected and have just been published in a neat and atof G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The book is entitled "Lyrics of the West," and contains all the best of Mrs. McMillan's

Mrs. McMillan considers herself a Kansan woman, for although she was born in Illiis, almost her whole life has been spent in the Sunflower state and principally in identified with the Baptist church of the state and has been for some time a licensed preacher of that denomination. Her ministerial charge is at Lyons, Kas., where



MRS. ELVA IRENE-M'MILLAN.

she has a pleasant home. She was married in 1882 to Mr. A. L. McMillan, formerly publisher of the Sterling (Kas.) Gazette, and she is the mother of four children. Mrs. McMillan had been writing for e time before she attempted to have any of her efforts put into print. She wrote, she says, because she couldn't help it, and she, wrote as the inspiration came to her. Sin could not have changed her style even if she had tried, she says, nor the subject matter of her verses. Some people object to several of her poems, claiming that for a minister of the gospel they were much too passionate, too Ella-Wheeler-Wilcox like. She offered no excuse for them: they were creatures of her brain, they came to her as living, burning thoughts and she transferred them to paper just as they appeared to her. They are the poetical side of her life and the lives of her neighbors and friends as they passed before her in the prairie town of Kansas. Her first published verses were songs that were issued by a New York firm. They attracted the attention of the critics of several Eastern papers and one of these, commenting upon her production. says: "Mrs. McMillan's compositions cover a wide range of subjects, but she has been particularly successful with songs which have a touch of pathos. One of her best efforts in this line is called 'Papa, I'il her True to You.' The music is appropriate and tuneful, and the song will surely please those whose thoughts turn to the more serfous side of life. ... Judging from Mrs. says, because she couldn't help it, and

thoughts turn to the more se rious side of life. . . . Judging from Mrs. McMillan's work in these compositions, there is a high future for her in the field of song writing."

'A few of the works of this early time are given place, somewhat modified, among the 'Lyrics,' but the contents of the volume are to a great extent of a later pe-

The character of Mrs. McMillan's songs ay be judged from this stanza, taken om one of the recent works, "I Will Be

Fond memories of the past draw nigh, When wrapped in simmer I shall lie; Bring back the one I love, alone. Whom douth nor demons shall dethrone From my true heart-we've said good-by, I will be true. The first of Mrs. McMillan's poems to attract attention and comment was "The Land Where Dreams Come True," a stanza from which is here given:

There's a land where deathless flowers
Breathe their fragrance on the air,
And the little wounded songhird
Lives again more glad and fair.
There the stormelouds do not lower
For the sky is ever blue:
'Tis the place where lovers linger.
And the land where dreams come true,
bit of Mrs. McMillan's religion.

bit of Mrs. McMillan's religion and of her philosophy is contained in "To

To pray for some poor heart, forgive, if one have wronged thee, are to sing Tho tears are in thine eyes, believe 'Tis this to live.

Another religious poem is "Prayer." rhich the closing lines are as follows:

I cannot tell where Thou shait lead,
Thou knowest; I but ask
Prepare my life, my heart, my hands
To do each tiny task.
And teach me, Lord, to do Thy will,
On Thee to cast my care,
And teach me how to pray—perchance
Obedience is prayer.

Another of similar import is "My Treas-ure Is With God": The snow lies deep on yonder little mound,
I do not weep;
Death hath not robbed me, I have found
The way to God since baby came
And taught me how to breathe His name,
Then fell asteep.

From "My Kansas Home" these two tanzas are taken:

angas are taken:
The dear old farm I yearn to see.
Whose fields my bare feet loved to roam,
The place my childhood loved the best,
My Kansas home.
And yet, how sweet to dream of thee,
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome!
Thy memory in a joy to me,
My Kansas home.

the extracts that follow are strikingly ferent from those that preceded, but y tend to better display Mrs. McMil-is versatility.

From "When You Visit Me in Dreams": From when fou visit Me in Dreams";

O God! that you'd clasp me to your breast
And breath in my face your sweet, warm breath,
And speak my name in the tones I love,
Then float with me thro' the gates of death.
For I would not wake from my dreams, dear heart,
For after the sweet dream joys are o'er,
My heart so yearns like a fretting child.
To creep back into your arms once more.
From "I Love You":

Land not my beauty—more, allow My heart to rest, or else endow With these three words I long to wear, Like jewels on my soul; forbear

All things to say, or whisper now: I Love you. From "To Love":

If I were dead, thy kiss alone
Would call me back to life,
And if I slept where demons moan,
Where all the air with sin is rife,
And thou wert passing by
To me five few would all atoms To see thy face would all atone, My soul would reach the sky.

## A Question.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Your church, I am informed," said the man who was in search of information, "take care of its preachers when they become too old for active service." "It does," replied the man who had the information to give out. "At what age is it usually considered they ought to go on the retired list?" "It is hard to tell. There is frequently a difference of thirty years between the estimate of the congregation and that of the preacher." From the Chicago Tribune.

## A Soulful Difference.

The fair client-"I cannot live happily with a man with whom I do not sympathize." lawyer-"In what do you differ?"

## 'LYRICS OF THE WEST" BOONE, IOWA'S "OLD MAN." Has Had Eight Wives and a Total of Thirty-two Children-Recalls Washington.

Maton City, Ia., Special. The recent death of Jesse Bracken in this city at the age of 100 years and 5 months, recalls the fact that there is liv ing in the city at the present time a mar who has reached the advanced age of 111 years. This is Henry Boone, a colored man, who is making his home with his daughter, Mrs. L. W. Tyler, on Water street. Mr. Boone was born in the state of Virginia, June 7, 1788, and on the plantation of a rich Virginia planter named Sandals. He was a slave for seventy-two years and was never sold from the family of his original master. When his first master died he went to Atkansas with master died he went to Arkansas with Mrs. Blunt, his master's daughter, and remained there until he was liberated by General Curtis by whom he was brought to the North and has remained here ever

Mr. Boone is in remarkably good health and bodily vigor and works around the house continually. He retains his memory splendidly and can remember distinctly the news of the death of George Washington, as Boone was at that time II years of age and he says he can remember distinctly the thrilling occurrences of those times. In and he says he can remember distinctly the thrilling occurrences of those times. In the old slavery times the marriages of the slaves were arranged entirely to suit the convenience of their masters, and Mr. Boone has had eight wives, nearly all of whom were sold away from him to some other estate. He is the father of thirty-two children by his various wives, four of whom are the children of his last wife and who died about twelve years ago. Two and who died about twelve years ago. Two
of these children, Mrs. L. W. Tyler and
Mrs. F. L. Palmer, are residents of this
city.

At the time of his second marriage, Mr. Boone was 79 years of age, General Curtis brought the old slave and his wife to St. Louis and then to Muscatine, Ia., and he has since lived at Iowa City and Cedar Rapids. He came to this city about three years ago and has lived here since. He has never used tobacco in any form, but says he was accustomed to the use of stimulants as they were served to the slaves by their masters in the days of slavery. At the time of his second marriage, Mr.

## KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL

The Passing of an Interesting Figure at Washington

City. A Washington correspondent writes to the New York World: George Bartle, who died a few days ago, was for nearly half a century keeper of the great seal of the United States in the department of state. He was born in Alexandria, Va., September 24, 1814, on the day the British fleet which had just destroyed the capitol and White House sailed down the Potomac to

the sea.

When the Mall, where the monument now When the Mall, where the monument now stands, was a watery waste, Mr. Bartie, then a boy, threw an apple core at the bald head of a man who was swimming about in the Potomac. The swimmer terrified the boy by turning on him the wrathful face of President John Quincy Adams.

Mr. Bartle was appointed to a clerkship in the state department under the administration of President Polk, and in 1852 was made keeper of the great seal.

From then until the time of his death he wrote out and sealed the commissions of wrote out and sealed the commissions of overy cabinet officer from Buchanan t Hay. He was the most secretive man i the state department, and not a single in

The ring attractions of the coming Horse show will not all be equine.



From the New York World.

# ON AUSTRALIAN PLAIN

MEN IN SHEEP-GROWING BUSINESS HAVE HEALTHFUL, BUSY LIVES.

Good Fellowship and the Desire to Lend a Helping Hand Make the Plains a Heaven for Tramps.

From the Illustrated London News.

In a curious and very real fashion, the silence of the Australian plain throws its spell upon the traveler. There is nothing to be seen and nothing can be heard. It epitomizes the dignity of centuries Within the shadow of the desert at night the sense of time is so infinite that it be comes possible to project thought until it conceives the immeasurable limits of an illimitable expanse to be the outer fringes of that Golgotha where the passing of the centuries is enacted. The silence is simply a dead weight, and until one crushes down the prejudices one feels to be watch ing in a dream the transition of some age. Perhaps it is the wonderful fascination of

and while it continues it is cherished. More usually life in the regions where the roads are two miles wide and where the tropical sun has so baked the ground that grass can be seen growing—when it rains—when!—is in the nature of a solitude with sheep and cattle as the disturbing factors.

A Healthful Life.

But in its close and intimate affinity with nature the life is based upon conditions which find their origin in healthy functions. Everything tends to the manliness of the individual in thoughts, in deeds, in words; self-reliance is paramount, and no



A DESERTED DRAFTING STATION

one need become a mere spectator. Moreover, the scope and ambitions of the life
are not unendowed with the finest principles which underlie existence. The continual contact with animal life abounds
with material knowledge and information.
The dexterity of the rider, the keenness
of the hunter, the agility of the mountaineer, all find something additional in
that which emanates from station work.
The sheep station is no mere idle lounge,
nor one that is occupied only for occasional
inspection. It is progressive and procession-Perhaps it is the wonderful fascination of the plain which causes the solltary swagsman to regard the desert as his final tomb. With no great zeal for work, he humps his billy along the track because the life, being one of ease and idleness, does not jar upon his independence.

When his tucker gives out, he makes tracks for the nearest station and either works for a space or begs a loan of the victuals which are essential for carrying him a little farther upon the trail. In its relation to all tramps and belated travelers, the fashion of the country inspires the boss of the sheepwalk with the most gen-



TRAVELING SOUTH IN SEARCH OF PASTURE.

erous instincts. He feeds everything that comes to him after sunset. The possibili-ties held out by this rule to the vagrant classes for free food and lodging have been classes for free food and lodging have been the medium for a tremendous abuse of a custom which in its earliest application print of the great seal escaped his watchfulness during the many years he was its custodian.

COAT IS A WONDER.

In it This Coachman will Appear and Divide Honors With the

Given Flour and Meat.

In New Zealand the runholder allows the swaggers' hut raw mutton and bread; in Australia flour is changed for the bread, the Aurel Batonyi, a professional whip, who men having to make scones for themselves es coach from the Wal- when they bake their meat. In the earlier

show will not all be equine.

Aurel Bâtonyt, a professional whip, who drives the Good Times coach from the Watdort-Astoria, will exhibit the very latest thing in coaching.

"No. gentiemen, has been his stereotyped reply to coaching nabobs, burning with curiosity for one typed reply to coaching may be the word of monor that the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties attached to the first public appearance of their triumphant creation in the multitudinous duties

elevate such a life far above the dead level of monotony incident to isolation. ,

EARL OF LONSDALE. Strange Career of a Man Who Will Care for Soldiers' Wives and Families.

From the Chicago Tribune. Probably no Englishman of modern times has had such a strange career as that of Hugh Cecil Lowther. Earl of Lonsdale who has just announced his intention of taking care of the wives and families of all the men in the reserve corps in Westmoreland and Cumberland counties while their husbands are in active service. Twelve years ago the noble earl was chiefly noted for his attention to various burlesque actresses, a mong them Violet Cameron



them Violet Cameron being prominent. At that time he visited New York, but was ostracised by society because of his escapades. At that time, also, the duke's financial affairs were in a bad way, chiefly, it should be stated, because of the reckless.

Earl of Lonsdale. "Red Earl," whom he succeeded in 1882. Shortly after his visit to this country the earl turned over a new leaf to such effect that at present he is regarded as a model husband. His estates have been managed with such skill that he is now one of the richest men in England. He has distinguished himself as an Arctic explorer, and he is probably the most intimate friend of both the Prince of Wales and the German Level of the Prince of Wales and the Prince of Wales man Emperor. He owns nearly 70,000 acres of land in Westmoreland and Cumberland

From the Detroit Free Press.

Recently a rosy cheeked German girl applied for a position as domestic in a well known family. The girl learned to speak the English language in a remarkably short time, but many of the expressions did not appeal to her in the proper sense.

The telephone had a peculiar charm for the girl, and at times she would iolier about near the instrument in order to answer a call. One day there came a ring and she hastened to the 'phone and put the receiver to her ear.

"Hello," she cried.

"Hello," came back over the 'phone, "who is this?"

"How do I know?" innocently inquired Recently a rosy cheeked German girl an

"How do I know?" innocently inquired the German maid, and to this day she wonders why the man at the other end laughed until he rang off.

Always Loses at First.

From the Detroit Journal,

Wife (pathetically)—"Are you going to be out until after midnight again to-night?"

Husband—"Oh, I suppose so! I never seem to have any luck until about 1 o'clock."

From the Chicago Post.

"Yes," she said, "I am proud to say that I am a bachelor girl."
"And I." he replied, "take equal pride in the fact that I am an old-maid man."



GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 11.—(Special.)
The west line of Custer county, the heart of the grazing and cattle country, is 100 miles west of the main line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad in Oklahoma. Here the cattleman is offering a complaint that the farmer is intruding on his domain. Experiments have proven that to the production of wheat and corn as the shortgrass country is as well adapted to the production of wheat and corn as the the stock raiser's loss is to become the grain grower's gain. What the cattle keep the stock raiser's loss is to become the grain grower's gain. What the cattle country of the future is to be, may be questionable, but that Western Oklahoma county, whose value as is capable of becoming a farmer's paradise, is a settled fact.

The statistics of seven years of farming

RARE OLD PHOTOGRAPH IN DETROIT RECALLS THEIR MEMORY.

low Doy Was Rescued by Fellow Abolitionists in Kansas-His Narrow Escape From s Deputy Marshal.

(Special Correspondence of The Journal.)
DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 10.—The accompanying pictures of John Brown and John Doy were drawn from a photograph now in the possession of Charles L. Clark of this city, which was sent as a token of emembrance some time in '58 or '59, from John Doy to Mr. Clark's father, the late George W. Clark, of Battle Creek. The circumstances connected with the taking of the pictures are unknown, but its existence proves that the two men were

ntimate friends. The photo is yellow an faded with age, and is kept by Mr. Clark among his choice mementoes of the aboli tion crusade, in which his father took a prominent part. John Doy was an Englishman by birth, but had settled in Rochester, N. Y.

where also resided the Clark family, and they became fast friends. At the outbreak of the border war Dr. Doy removed to Kansas. He assisted many slaves to liberty, thus incurring the intense hatred of erty, thus incurring the intense natred of the border ruffians. On one occasion he had taken some fugitive slaves into his carriage and was helping them to escape, when he was waylaid and kidnaped and imprisoned in a close iron box, where he could neither stand nor straighten out, and was finally sentenced to fifteen years in a Missouri penitentiary.

Rescued by Friends.

Just before Dr. Doy was to have been taken to the penitentiary, his son, with few carefully chosen comrades, crossed the river one dark night, leaving a couple of the crowd to watch the boat. One of the party was bound with a rope and acted the part of a captured horse thief. They went quietly to the jail, and young Doy went quietly to the jail, and young Doy and his comrades explained that, after a long search, they had caught a horse thief and wanted him locked up till morning. They were readily admitted and as they passed through the corridor they halted at the cell of Dr. John Doy.

Disguises were hastily thrown off and pistols promptly presented to the jailor. He was told:

"My father is in that cell. Take "The off his

"My father is in that cell. Take off his shackles and deliver him to me at once, or you are a dead man."

The order was a dead man." you are a dead man."
The order was obeyed at once. Then young Doy added:
"I have a body of men with me to guard this prison until morning, and if one of you stick your heads out of this building you are dead men." re dead men.

are dead men."

The rescuers then went to their boat, and arrived safely with Dr. Doy at his home in Kansas. Later he returned to Rochester, as a safer spot in which to reside. Young Doy, however, recklessly remained in Kansas, and was finally shot The ruffians, ascertaining where he was, crossed the river one night, surrounded the house where he was staying and as young Text. was staying, and as young Doy came of fired upon him, riddling him with bullets

Hunted by a Deputy. George W. Clark used to relate another thrilling incident in the life of Dr. Doy, of which he was a witness. The story is as

which he was a witness. The story is as follows:
Once Dr. Doy and Mr. Clark had been attending some anti-slavery meetings in Western New York and were returning to Rochester on the cars, when they fell to talking with a stranger. Naturally enough, the conversation turned upon the slavery question, and finally the stranger asked if they had ever met or known a man from



JOHN BROWN AND JOHN DOY.

Kansas named John Doy. The stranger said he wanted Doy, and wanted him bad. He was a Kansas state deputy marshal after his man. On the instant Doy fancied that the offi-On the instant Doy fancied that the officer knew hlm, and meant to arrest him on
the spot, and placing his hand on his revolver, which he always carried loaded, he
prepared to fight to the death if necessary.
It proved, fortunately, to be a needless
alarm, and the incident ended without
bloodshed, but Doy was a desperate man,
and would never have surrendered himself
alive. The deputy never knew his man, nor
how near death came to himself that day.
Dr. John Doy afterward removed to Battle Creek, Mich., where he died.

## SHE WANTED NUMBER 415.

adignant at the Telephone Girl Who Suggested Ambig-

From the New York Commercial Advertiser. A number of women were waiting in a long line for a chance to use one telephone in a dry goods store in the shopping district. Naturally they blamed the elephone operator, who was perfectly cool and apparently idle and not helping at all. and apparently idle and not helping at all. All she did was now and then—every five minutes, in fact—to pull a wire here and touch a button there. The women, one and all, thought this was inconsiderate. A clerk certainly ought to keep people from talking so long, or at least bustle around and make a show of waiting on the others. Finally one woman could stand it no longer. Rushing from the line, she went up to the operator and said:

"I want 45."

"What?" said the operator.

"Four hundred and lifteen," replied the customer.

"Four hundred and fifteen what?" said to operator.
"You impertment hussy, I want you to give me 415 immediately," was the con-

"Yes, but Cortlandt or Eighteenth street or what? There are several 415s. Which do you want?"
"Not being a telephone person I do not know such things," was the indignant re-The operator asked whom she wanted.
"You're impertinent. Why should I inform you whom I want to talk to?" and
she looked around to the waiting line for

commendation.

The girl then handed her the telephone book. She found the number. It was an uptown station. Instead of telephoning, however, she waited to speak her mind. Meanwhile the sixth person behind her was talking over the wire. She was then told that she must wait her turn again.

"I'll do no such thing. I'll send a telegram. I won't patronize a company that has such insulting employes."

from the Washington Star. From the Washington Star.

"I didn't know what to do about the strange cat that came to our house," remarked the man whose coat sleeves are too short. "But we finally decided to keep it. You see, my wife is a little superstitious. And I don't know but she is right." "Have you had any good luck?" "Well, yes. We've had some. The cat hasn't scratched or bitten any of the children yet."

rom the New York Weekly. Bingle—"Well, old boy, how are you getting along? Business improving any?"

Jingle (struggling merchant)—"A little. I've succeeded in reducing expenses about \$15 a week."

"That's encouraging. How did you do it?"

"Married my typewriter."

# JOHN BROWN AND DOY The Truth About Inhalation.

The Only Way Provided by Nature for the Cure of Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption.

# **HUNDREDS HAVE DIED**

Because They Did Not Understand That This Was a Method of Application and Not a Remedy.

# THOUSANDS MORE WILL DIE

Unless They Are Taught the Name of That Remedy Which Does Cure by Inhalation.

# THERE IS BUT ONE.

Just one year ago, after twenty months of actual test among their own patients, some thirty-nine hundred regular physicians expressed their faith in the New Treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption by endorsing it as a cure for these diseases over their own signatures. Immediately following this came the announcement by the different Boards of Health in large cities where the new cure was used, that within the past year there had been a reduction of over thirty (30) per cent. in the death rate from consumption alone. These statements created the most profound sensation among the profession and public at large, for even the best informed medical men have always claimed that there was no positive cure for such diseases; yet, there was more evidence to come, and this of the most astounding nature: Inside of twelve months over sixty of the largest advertising specialists in the country had discarded their old treatments and were advertising to cure by inhalation-the most positive evidence which could be given of the great value of the new cure, and

## Herein Lies the Great Danger to the Public.

The owners of this new remedy, in order to show the people that their treatnent was entirely different from all others, adopted this phrase in advertising: "Cures by Inhalation." Unfortunately, those suffering from diseases of the air passages did not understand that "Cures by Inhalation" meant the method of applying the remedy, and not the remedy itself; consequently, when others be. gan to advertise cures by inhalation no inquiry was made as to what remedy it was that cured by this method-a great mistake, which, no doubt,

## Caused the Death of Hundreds

during the past season, and making it absolutely necessary to state to the public

The Whole Truth About Inhalation. For years it has been known that through inhalation alone could the air assages in the head, throat and lungs be reached, yet no successful attempt was ever made by the medical profession to cure these diseases by this method,

For the Following Reason: Until the discovery of Hyomei no dry air germicide had ever been found shich could be inhaled in the air we breathe without injury. Hyomei alone made cures by inhalation possible; without Hyomei all the inhalers in the world would not cure consumption, pneumonia or catarrh. No better evidence of this can be given than the fact that out of sixty-one inhalers placed on the market within the last year but two are left, while the use and sale of Hyomei has increased a thousand fold thus proving beyond all question that without Hyomei all attempts to cure by inhalation have proven failures. Having made this plain, we would ask you to remember these few facts when in need of a treatment for coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, pneumonia and consump-

There is but one way of reaching these diseases, BY INHALATION.

There is but one Dry Air Germicide that can be inhaled-HYOMEI. There is but one treatment for the respiratory organs which is guara to cure, and your money refunded if it fails-HYOMEI.

Hyomei cured over eighty thousand persons suffering from diseases of the espiratory organs during the past year, and would have undoubtedly saved the ves of thousands more had they but known the truth about inhalation. Hyomei is sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postage prepaid.

Price, complete outfit, \$1.00. Trial outfit, 25c. Extra bottles, 50c. Hy-

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Authorized by the State to treat CHRONIC, NERVOUS and SPECIAL DISEASES. Cures guaranteed or money refunded. All medicines furnished ready for use. No detention from business. Patients at a distance treated by mail and express. Medicines sent everywhere, free from gare or breakage. Charges low. Over 30,000 cases cured. Age and experience are important. State your case and send for terms. Consultation is free and confidential, either personally or by letter.

Seminal Weakness and Sexual Debility, (Spermat producing losses, pimples and blotches on the face, rushes of blood to head, pains in back, confused ideas and forgetfulness, bashfulness, aversion to society, loss of sexual power, loss of manhood, &c., cured for life. I can stop all night losses, restore lost sexual power, restore nerve and brain power, enlarge and strengthen weak parts and make you fit for marriago.

struction—a sermon without words. L. B.—I have \$500 decesited in the bank, which I will forfelt for above fiseases that I cannot curs.

Syphilis, that terrible disease, in all its
Syphilis, that terrible disease, in all its
forms and stages cured for
life. Blood Poisoning, Skin Diseases, Ulcers,
Swellings, Sores, Gonorrhoea and Gleet, and all
forms of Private Diseases positively cured or
money refunded.

Book for both sexes, 80 pages, 27 pictures,
Book true to life, with full description of
above diseases, the effects and cure, sent sealdd in plain wrapper for 6c, in stamps. Read this
lttle book and answer list of questions.

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Free Museum of Anatomy For Men Only. Replete with thousands of curiosities. The life-like models and wax figures deeply impress the mind;—a school of instruction sermon without words.

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